
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

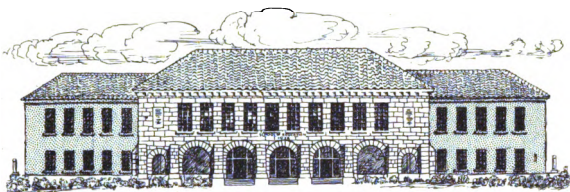
Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





*Selections from
the Youth's companion*



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK COLLECTION

GIFT OF

SANTA CLARA COUNTY

TEACHERS LIBRARY

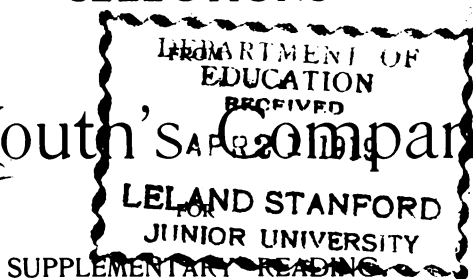


STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES



SELECTIONS

The Youth's Companion



Number 2.

GLIMPSES OF EUROPE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LONDON	W. H. RIDEING. 3
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY	ARCHDEACON FARRAR. 6
SCENES IN HOLLAND	12
WORK AND PLAY IN BELGIUM	E. H. TERRELL. 16
BOYS AND GIRLS OF PARIS	M. E. BLAKE. 22
TOLEDO AND CORDOVA	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 27
THE VENETIAN GONDOLA	HENRY BACON. 33
A CLIMB UP MOUNT VESUVIUS	E. N. ROLFE. 37
ALPINE VILLAGE LIFE	S. H. M. BYERS. 42
DOWN THE MOSELLE	REV. MORTON DEXTER. 47
SWEDEN	W. W. THOMAS, JR. 53
LIFE IN NORWAY	WILLIAM H. CORY. 61

Copyright, 1894.

PERRY MASON & COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.

588561
C



LONDON.

LONDON.

We travel from Liverpool to London in one of the saloon-carriages which are attached to all important trains, and in which all passengers holding first-class tickets are allowed to ride without extra charge.

In the middle of the car is a large drawing-room, with small reading tables between the softly upholstered seats, and at each end there is a large compartment, one reserved exclusively for gentlemen and the other for ladies. There are separate dressing-rooms of a much larger size than those in the Pullman cars, and the fittings are of the most ingenious description. Wherever one may be in the car an electric bell is within reach, and a touch brings to our side a civil attendant politely asking what he can do for us.

If the passengers want luncheon, they are provided for three shillings with a little basket containing a napkin, knife and fork, condiments, bread and butter, a hot chop, or half a cold chicken.

In this luxurious fashion, with an ever-changing landscape framed in the window of the car, we rush along, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, through the garden-like fields and past the red-tiled villages, the ivy-mantled churches and the ancestral parks; it is like Arcadia and everything seems to breathe of contentment and prosperity.

Only two stops are made between Liverpool and London, a distance of two hundred and one miles, and in four hours and a half we are at the end of our journey and in London, the most wonderful of cities, which becomes more and more wonderful as one's knowledge of it increases.

The first thing we realize on reaching London is noise, and the second thing is smoke. The houses and buildings are as black as if they were draped in crape, and the air is full of floating particles of soot. We see with dismay the new

summer hats that we have brought from America growing dingy and brown an hour or two after our arrival, and at the end of a day or two our new summer suits are spoiled.

Although it is July, and the weather is hot, all the men are dressed in black, and the straw hat and light felt hat are scarcely ever worn. Black is, indeed, the only suitable color for clothing, and if the skin were black also it would be more appropriate than white.

We have to visit the wash-bowl once, at least, in every three hours if we have been out-of-doors, and we stare aghast at the water after we have used it; it is as inky as if a chimney-sweep or a blacksmith had taken a bath in it. The face collects specks of the soot, and unless the hands are constantly gloved they, too, become Ethiopian.

At nearly every corner there is a crossing-sweeper, sometimes a boy or a girl, sometimes an old man or a woman, who lives by the pennies and halfpennies which the pedestrians drop as they pass. The sweeper touches his hat to every one who hurries by, but it is seldom that he is rewarded by a coin. One sweeper will occupy the same crossing from day to day, year in and year out, and his claim to it is recognized by other sweepers.

There are many street occupations which we never see in America, and the aim of nearly all of them is the much-needed penny.

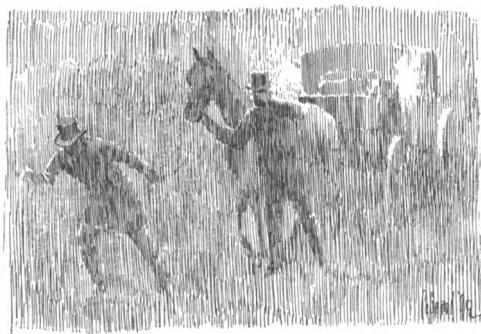
Ragged street-Arabs follow the omnibuses and cabs, and turn running somersaults while beseeching the passengers to give them a penny. When the tide is out, great banks of black and oozy mud are exposed under the bridges which cross the Thames, and half-naked boys wallow in the mire, groping for the pennies which some silly people throw for the amusement of seeing the little fellows begrime themselves.

The hansom cab is the most comfortable of vehicles, and it is strange that it has not been adopted more widely in the United States; its motion is easy, and as the passenger sits facing the horse, he has a complete view of everything passing. It is driven at a high rate of speed, and in twenty minutes we

reach the old tavern at Charing Cross, at the door of which Mr. Pickwick had his famous dispute with the cabman of old.

Other English hotels have been modernized and Americanized, but this is as old-fashioned as ever. We do not "register," and we are not greeted by any bejewelled clerk. When we enter the hall, we go up to a large window with small panes, which screens a very cozy sitting-room, wherein we find the landlady and her assistants, all of whom are attractive-looking young women, and there a bedchamber is assigned to us.

Such a bedchamber! The very room, perchance, in which Mr. Pickwick found himself with his unwelcome companion; for here is a four-post bed, with heavy curtains, and all the furniture is so dingy that its proper place would be a curiosity-shop, or a museum of antiquities.



In Westminster Abbey.

I fear that on entering the Abbey you will at first be greatly disappointed. The grimy, dingy look of the place will vex you, particularly if you choose for your visit a dull day. I grieve to say that the dinginess is inevitable. The Abbey rears its towers into an atmosphere thick with the smoke of innumerable chimneys, and laden with acids which eat away, with increasing rapidity, the surface of its stones.

And yet, as you enter the cathedral which enshrines memorials of nine centuries of English history—as you pass under the roof which covers more immortal dust than any other in the whole world—you can hardly fail to feel some sense of awe. And before you begin to study the cathedral in detail, I should advise you to wander through the length and breadth of it without paying any attention to minor points but with the single object of recognizing its exquisite beauty and magnificence.

You will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if you visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom you will observe hundreds of young men, contented to stand through the whole of a long service and to listen with no sign of weariness to a sermon which perhaps occupies an hour in the delivery.

Here the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome; here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he preached before the boy-king on whom he rested the hopes of the Reformation, and the voice of Feckenham as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration. They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the

mass in his mitre and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym.

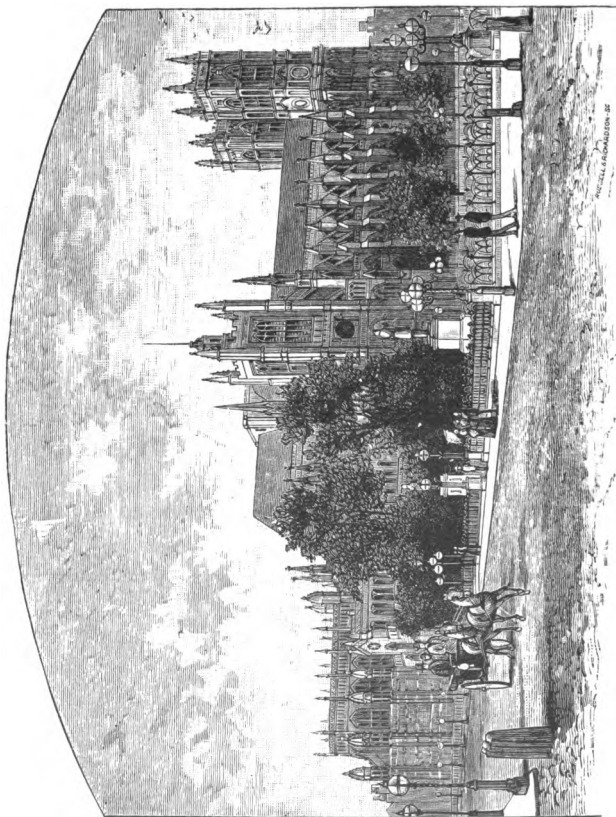
Here, too, you may see at a glance the unity of our national history. I use the expression, our national history, designedly. The Abbey will remind us, as no other place could remind us, that the history of England is no less the history of America, and the history of America the history of England. All that was bitter in the memories of the American War of Independence has long been buried in the oblivion of our common amity.

The actual traces which have been left by that struggle upon the Abbey walls are few. Gen. Burgoyne, "whose surrender at Saratoga lost America to England," lies buried, not in the Abbey, but in the North Cloister without a monument. A small tablet in the southern aisle records the shipwreck and death of William Wragg — who, as his epitaph tells us, alone remained faithful to his country and loyal to his king, and was consequently obliged to escape from Carolina.

The most marked trace of the war is to be seen in the monument of Major Andre; and the fact that in 1812 Andre's body was sent back to England by the Americans, with every mark of courtesy and respect, shows how rapidly all traces of exasperation were obliterated between brother nations.

There are several other objects which will remind Americans of their country. One is the beautiful window in honor of Herbert and Cowper at the western end of the Nave, in the old baptistery, which was the munificent gift of an American citizen. The other is some faint adumbration of Boston Harbor, which may be seen at the opposite end of the Abbey, the east end of Henry the Seventh's chapel, at the corner of the memorial window raised by the late dean to the memory of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley. A third is the tomb in the Nave which was raised to Viscount Howe by the Province of Massachusetts. The genius of Massachusetts is represented weeping over the monument. Ticonderoga appears on the monument of Col. Townsend.

Even in walking through the Abbey to learn its general



Westminster Abbey.

aspect, you will be struck by the bewildering multiplicity of tombs. There is not a Valhalla in the world in which repose so many of the great and good. It is this which has made the deepest impression on multitudes of visitors.

There, over the western door, with his arm outstretched and his haughty head thrown back, as though in loud and sonorous utterance he were still pouring forth to the Parliament of England the language of indomitable courage and inflexible resolve, stands William Pitt. History is recording his words of eloquence; Anarchy sits like a chained giant, at his feet. And within a few yards of this fine monument is the no less interesting memorial of Charles James Fox; of Fox, who opposed Pitt's public funeral; of Fox, whom he once charged with using the language of a man "mad with desperation and disappointment."

The most noticeable tombs in the Nave (and to the Nave alone we must at present confine our attention) may be classed together under different heads.

There are the monuments to great statesmen; to the naval commanders; to former Deans of Westminster, and to the great Indian heroes. It is singular how exceedingly bad many of the epitaphs are, and how as we approach the eighteenth century they grow more and more verbose and futile in exact proportion as the sentiments expressed by the statuary grow more and more irreligious and fantastic.

The inscription on the grave of Clyde briefly records his "fifty years of arduous service." On Outram's monument is a bas-relief of the memorable scene in which he met Havelock at Delhi, and resigning to him the command, nobly served as a volunteer beneath his military inferior. On Pollock's grave is the appropriate text, "O God, Thou strength of my health, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Under the bust of Lawrence are carved the striking words, "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much."

There is, close by, the bust of Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay and the great opponent of the slave-trade. The inscription—written by Sir James Stephen—is well

worth reading for the beauty and eloquence of the language. There is the grave of John Hunter, the great anatomist. Close by this is the simple rectangular slab under which Ben Jonson was buried upright, having asked Charles I. for eighteen square inches of ground in Westminster Abbey. On this stone was carved the quaint and striking epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson," which, only the accidental expression of a passer-by, was afterwards copied upon his bust in "Poet's Corner."

Near the centre of the Nave a slab records that the grave beneath was the resting-place, for some months, of the body of George Peabody; and on this slab are carved the words of his early prayer, that if God prospered him, He would enable him to render some memorial service to his fellow-men.

A little farther on is the grave of Livingstone, which records the last pathetic words found in his diary: "All I can add in my loneliness is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world"—the slave-trade.

There are, however, two monuments to which I must lead you before I conclude. One is the monument to Sir Isaac Newton, close beside whose grave were laid the mortal remains of Charles Darwin.

The tomb of Newton is well worth your notice from its intrinsic beauty, as well as from the fact that it is placed above the last resting-place of one of the greatest of Englishmen. The monument is by Rysbraeck. Over it is a celestial globe on which is marked the course of the comet of 1680. Leaning on this is the figure of Astronomy, who has closed her book as though, for the time, her labors were over.

The very ingenious bas-relief below expresses in allegory the various spheres of Newton's labors. At the right three lovely little genii are minting money, to indicate Newton's services to the currency; near them, a boy looking through a prism symbolizes the discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of light; a fifth—who (like other geniuses) has at present unhappily lost his head—is weighing the sun on a

steelyard against Mercury, Mars, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter and Saturn, which very strikingly shadows forth the discovery of the laws of gravitation; at the extreme left, two other genii reverently tend an aloe, the emblem of immortal fame. Over the bas-relief reclines the fine statue of the great discoverer, whose elbow leans on four volumes of Divinity, Optics and Astronomy and Mathematics.

There is one more monument in the Nave at which Americans will look with special interest. It is the tomb of the gallant and ill-fated Andre. Every American knows how he was arrested in disguise within the American lines in 1780, and for a moment lost his presence of mind and neglected to produce the safe-conduct of the traitor Benedict Arnold. He was sentenced to be hung as a spy, and in spite of the deep sympathy which his fate excited, even among the Americans, Washington did not think himself justified in relaxing the sentence.

The touching bas-relief represents on one side a British officer, who is carrying a flag of truce and a letter to the tent of General Washington, with the entreaty of Andre that, as a soldier, he might be shot and not hung. One of the American officers is weeping.

The request was refused, but as it would have been too painful to represent Andre's death on the gibbet, the sculptor has represented his youthful and handsome figure standing at the right of the bas-relief before a platoon of soldiers, as though his petition had in reality been granted. The sculptor Van Gelder has been very successful, but the heads of Washington and Andre have several times been knocked off and stolen by base and sacrilegious hands.

The American visitor will gaze on the tomb with still deeper interest when he is told that the wreath of richly-colored autumn leaves on the marble above was brought from the site where Andre's gibbet stood, and placed where it now is by the hands of Arthur Stanley, late Dean of Westminster.

Scenes in Holland.

A country protected by dikes from the placid-looking but hungry sea, diversified with windmills, peopled by a thrifty and well-contented race, and soaked, as it seems to the observer, by an atmosphere bringing about such tones and effects as artists love ; this is Holland.



Perhaps among all its attractions the windmills are most varied, and appeal most strongly to the eye. One never tires of watching them ; there are as many varieties as there are of flies in our own country, though they never make themselves too prominent in the landscape, as flies so often do. One, like that in the sketch, which has lost one of its sails, always reminds me of a goose with a broken wing. Most of them

are painted with the brightest of known tints, which are nevertheless toned into a delicious harmony by the blue-gray of the atmosphere, and all seem to embody the very spirit of thrift and industry, with their wildly whirling sails.

The traveller gifted with an artistic eye, in noting how they fit the landscape, may not at first realize their vast utility,

but he soon learns that they are the gigantic servitors of the country, and are used, not only in draining the land, but for various lesser operations, such as crushing grain or sawing logs. Their number on any farm accurately indicates the owner's wealth, and the bride is well satisfied who goes to her new home with a dowry of several windmills.

The head-gear of the women is usually most elaborate and striking. Almost all of them wear caps, sometimes plain, and often diversified like that in the sketch, which is trimmed with lace and ornamented by gold pins at the sides. The quality of the lace and the richness of the pins furnish



conclusive evidence of the class and wealth of the wearer. A very effective head-dress is one common in Friesland, consisting of a helmet of gold, silver, or some other burnished metal, which is covered with lace, often of a very precious quality.

Secured to the sides of the metal cap or "hoof-dyzer" (head-iron), on a line with the eyes, are spiral ornaments of gold, or pendants set with jewels.



A lady thus bedecked presents a gorgeous appearance, not even to be exceeded by that of royalty, in its every-day dress. Still, the plain white linen cap is most common among the peasantry and very becoming to the broad, chubby faces of children.

The cleanliness of Holland deserves to pass into a score of proverbs. In some of the larger towns, where the houses

front directly upon the street, without a vestige of yard, the morning is the time adopted for a general scrubbing. The early riser is liable to stumble over house-maids on their knees, or to be splashed by the pails of water, which they are dashing against walls and windows.

Often, too, girls may



be seen kneeling, and rooting out grass from the chinks of a pavement, where it has tried to assert its unwelcome existence.

There are few hedges or fences in Holland, but rush-bordered ditches separate different plots of ground, and everywhere, in the frequent streamlets,



are reflected the windmills, in long, wavering lines, under the wonderful sunset light.

A little earlier in the day may be seen the milkmaid going home with two brass cans suspended on her shoulders, and adding vastly to the diversified beauty of the landscape. The farmer, also, takes his homeward way, smoking his pipe, held sidewise or upside down, according to the queer Dutch fashion.

Storks are flying at all hours across the country, their long wings loosely flapping, and their slender legs hanging down, as if broken. They are very much like the decorative Japanese stork, except that they are more lively, and the Dutch regard them with a consideration which amounts almost to reverence. Often the birds build their nests on the chimneys, but here and there are to be seen long poles stuck into the ground, and bearing at the top a sort of basket, in which the stork may rest in security.

These birds are of great benefit to the country for the reason that, although they are eaters of fish, they also devour large numbers of reptiles and insects. When one settles upon a house, it is regarded as such a good omen that the most skeptical person would never dream of driving it away, and there is still in existence a law imposing a fine upon any one who shall kill a stork.



Work and Play in Belgium.

Belgium is a small, but a thrifty and beautiful country, and the Belgians are very proud of it. Their interests are all centered in it; and although many foreigners make their home here, the Belgians proper keep more to themselves, and do not make it easy for the foreigners to become acquainted with them.

The Belgians proper are chiefly composed of two races, the Flemish, who are originally of Germanic descent, and the Walloons, descendants of the Gauls. They have each a language of their own, in which they speak to their family and friends; but they also speak and understand French, which is the language of the country. In almost everything official French only is used.

The public schools are free, and children are sent to them very young. They have to obey strict rules, and are dutiful to their teachers.

They learn first and foremost all about their own country, drawing maps of great detail of the different parts of it so as to get thoroughly familiar with its geography. They learn the history of Belgium thoroughly, and an interesting study it is—not to them alone, but to everybody, because the Belgian provinces have been the object of many wars, belonging at different times to France, Holland, Spain and Austria.

Belgium's central position made it the theatre of war of many nations; and stormy and full of changes has been its fate. All that is interesting to the student; and the Belgian children love to learn all about the past of their country. Happy the people are that now they belong to themselves, and have their own good, wise king!

Everything pertaining to their own country is carefully taught, but what lies beyond does not interest them much. The rest of the world is nothing to them, and they know

little about it. Once a year prizes are distributed in schools for the best worker—the one who has tried hardest to do well. On that day you see the children dressed in their best on their way to school. Many carry or wear flowers; all are eager to obtain the prize.

The deserving ones return home, proudly carrying their prizes, consisting mostly of choice books; they are decked with flowers or gay ribbons given by their schoolmates, who surround them admiringly, happy in their success.

Thursday afternoon is always a half-holiday, on which comrades gather to spend a happy time together in the woods if it is summer, or skating or making snow-statuary in the winter.

On a fine day you can see class after class of merry children clattering along two by two in their "sabots" (wooden shoes), led by a teacher to some park or playground to play and romp for an hour or so. The teacher either joins in the games, or at any rate stays to watch that no harm is done, and on a signal the children obediently gather together, group themselves as they came and return to school.

Little girls have always to wear black pinafores at school to keep their dresses from getting bespattered with ink, and to make them, while at school, look all alike. It is a kind of uniform that all wear, so that none shall outshine the others by finer dresses, and also to prevent their thoughts from wandering from their lessons to each other's clothes. For the same reason, perhaps, the black dress is chosen for universal wear for young ladies in some boarding-schools.

On special fete days of a national character, as for instance on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of King Leopold II. to the throne, one feature of the celebration is a procession of school children, marching past the king and queen.

Delegations of children are sent from schools all over the country. They join the Brussels children, having drilled for weeks beforehand, so that on the appointed day thousands upon thousands of them march in beautiful order like soldiers,

singing beautiful songs, past the king and queen, who are stationed on some balcony of their palace, and who smile and nod to the children as they march past.

Sunday is the great day for amusement here as in all



European countries. The streets, parks and woods are crowded on that day. All have been busy during the week ; so on Sunday, after having attended church, which they do regularly, the whole family turns out, often taking their food

with them to the woods and spending the remainder of the day in the open air.

The summer-time is perhaps the happiest time for children as well as for the grown folks, because it brings the "kermess," a kind of Flemish fair which is held at different times all over the country.

On some open place in city or village quite a little town of booths and tents is erected. There you find merry-go-rounds, Russian slides, roller-coasts, menageries, wonderful exhibitions of all sorts of curious things and animals; fat people, dwarfs and shooting-galleries. All have pitched their tents in some convenient spot.

The crowd of eager people is immense every day; and many save up all their spare money for a whole year in order to spend it at the kermess. They enjoy themselves far better there than at a more costly entertainment; in fact, the great success of the fair is due to the low price asked for the different shows. It is indeed a true people's festival, and it is pleasant to see their thorough enjoyment.

The noise at the fair is terrible. Each merry-go-round has its big hand-organ of the size of an upright piano, playing as loud as a brass band. There may be six of these in a comparatively small space.

The reports of the guns at the shooting-galleries; the loud voices of the owners of shows and museums inviting the passer-by to see the contents of their booths; the clowns in front of the circus; the laughing and shouting of the throng, all that combined makes an ordinary tone of conversation impossible.

Everybody has to scream to make himself understood; and when the throat gets too dry, why, there are innumerable tents where refreshments of all kinds are served. For the children the stalls filled with candies of all colors of the rainbow, and gingerbread are not the least attractive ones.

With such simple, childlike amusements young and old are satisfied. The father goes with his family to join in the pleasure. He may not have the restless activity of the

American, but he will allow himself time to enjoy life with his wife and children as he goes along, and rests contented with a simple lot.

One thing that would strike strangers on coming here would be to see the children beg in the streets. Some are sent begging by parents who are too lazy to work, and in such cases a regular business is made of it.

But there are others who beg even when they do not need alms. They will run beside your carriage or trot along by your side, asking in a woebegone voice for "charite ! un petit sou" (charity ! a little penny). If you pay no attention to them they will, after awhile, stay behind, change manner and tone completely, perhaps make a face at you, and go on laughingly with their games.

If you let your heart be touched—which you are sorely tempted to do by their heartrending voice and entreaty, and their dirty, ragged and hungry look—they will as likely as not take the money you gave them to the nearest candy store and spend it in sweets, or buy a cigarette and make themselves sick with it.

Politeness is one of the pleasing features of children in Belgium. They are taught from earliest childhood to be polite, and they never forget it. Wherever you go, everybody is well-mannered and obliging. In stores one always receives most polite thanks and earnest entreaty to come again, even if one has not bought a thing.

On the roads in the country the peasants always wish you good day, and the men take off their hats. When a funeral passes on the street, every man and boy takes off his hat; this is called "salut a la mort" (salute to the dead), and is a beautiful custom. A troop of soldiers would always halt till the funeral procession has passed, and never cross it, as indeed no one would do.

Children have to make themselves useful, too. After school hours they have to help in the business, or tend and care for the younger children, or work in the fields. Frequently you see them take the produce of the farm to the city

in little green carts drawn by dogs. Dog-carts are used a great deal, but the dogs are splendid big creatures, and well treated. In such carts the milk is brought mornings to the house in shining brass cans set in straw in the little cart, which is painted bright green and attended by a girl in a clean dress, blue apron and wooden shoes, with nothing on her head, winter or summer.

The dog is hitched to this cart like a horse, with a pretty little harness studded with brass nails. In some cases the dog is placed underneath the cart, and the girl pushes from behind.

I should like to tell you a great deal more about this country, but that would overstep the limits of my letter. What I have told you will have given you some little idea of the people and customs of Belgium, and of the children here.



Boys and Girls of Paris.

Although America is of all countries the one in which the rights of childhood are most regarded, it is not by any means the foremost in provision for its comfort or enjoyment.

In this respect we might well take a lesson from the city of Paris. The wonderful pleasure-grounds which are to be met at every turn are open to the children unreservedly.

From the Bois de Boulogne, with its hundreds of acres of hill and valley, and the gardens of the Tuileries, bright with statues and flowers and fountains, to the small squares and places, or even to the peaceful old churchyards with their quiet paths and green arbors, there is no spot where the happy little creatures do not find room for outdoor diversion.

You will find them making sand pies,—the streets of Paris are too clean to provide mud,—whipping their gaily painted tops, pegging away at marbles with shrill French enthusiasm, playing soldier, or cache-cache or prisoner's base, or "I-spy," eager and almost as swift as birds, and to all appearance much less given to quarrelling.

Perhaps the universal courtesy with which they are treated, may be the cause of the courtesy they in turn show to their companions and elders ; but whatever the reason, it is certainly a most charming trait in their behavior.

To see a French boy, hat in hand, answering or asking a question, or a French girl, standing with kindly deference until her mother or her mother's friend is seated, is to see a very pleasant sight indeed.

But it is not alone in playgrounds that the beautiful city takes care of its children. There are the ever fascinating Gingerbread Fairs. You come suddenly, at some street corner where there is an open space, upon a village of tents, with merry-go-rounds, swings, Punch and Judy shows, and all manner of devices pleasing to children. There are captive

balloons in which you can soar above the house-tops, and toboggan slides which dip frantically, as if into the bowels of the earth; and clowns, jugglers and acrobats, and streets upon streets of toys, and candy and gingerbread!

Gingerbread everywhere; walls of it, chunks of it, bricks of it; in slices, in blocks, in shapes of men and elephants, ships and houses; ornamented with gold and silver, glistening with frosting, covered with a mail of parti-colored comfits,

packed full of plums, bristling with nuts sparkling with tinsel, fashioned into every device which the wit of man can conceive.



And oh, so cheap! The poorest small pocket holds sous enough for a treat.

Then there is the Garden of Plants, the great botanical and zoological nursery of the

nation, with its long lanes flanked by pretty houses, some large as barracks, for the monkeys or the gracefully awkward camelopards, some tiny enough for the smallest forms of animal life.

There are conservatories filled with rarest butterfly-like orchids, and tall tropical palms; whole buildings devoted to aquariums, and rare, strange nooks, where the trees are cut into grotesque forms, as if one had strayed into some goblin country.

In the centre is a great oval ampitheatre without a roof where, every fine day, a perpetual circus goes on; and where, for a sou or two, a good boy or girl may ride upon any creature, from an elephant to a goat not much larger than a good-sized cat.

There are brilliant houdahs, in which a dozen can sit at

once, regally borne by some gigantic Jumbo; there are queer little saddles fastened on the hump of a camel, or a dromedary, or an ostrich; there are cushions across the back of a deer, or a zebra, or a Shetland pony, or some strange creature that looks as if it had wandered out of the Arabian Nights.

There are bands playing with fine flourish of drums and cymbals; there are travelling musicians with every variety of noise, from a hurdy-gurdy to a calliope whistle; and the air is full of flower fragrance and the joyous tumult of children's voices. What could be more like Paradise?

Here and there you will stumble, in some of the narrow streets of the old city or the broad boulevards of the new, upon a magic gateway, where you drop five cents into a lion's mouth. He swallows it without winking. Then you knock at a low door, and presto! you are in Fairyland. Real Fairyland this time, if there ever was such a thing!

There is the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, with her scullions and courtiers and maids of honor dreaming away in the gardens and halls, while she herself lies with sweet, closed eyes on the silken coverlet of her pretty bower. Only you are not allowed to kiss her awake.

There are talking birds and singing pigs, and strange enchantments all about you. There is an elephant with a staircase in his left hind-leg, and a suite of rooms in his monstrous body, and a supper-hall in his big forehead, whence you can look out on the world from his twinkling eyes.

If you turn to the right, you will meet little Red Riding Hood with the Wolf talking to her in very good French, and the old Grandmother being gobbled up before your very eyes, if you wait long enough. If you turn to the left, there is Jack the Giant Killer slaying his fearful Goliaths; or Hop o' My Thumb piloting his train of brothers through the woods; or the fatal castle of Blue Beard, with Sister Anna looking from the battlements; or some other dear old friend of childhood the world over.

Then there are dwarfs and fairies running about everywhere with cakes, ices, and strawberries and cream. You

have only to sit down at any one of the small tables amid the flowers to be sure of that.

By and by, as you wander through the shady lanes, not



quite certain yet whether you are sleeping or waking, you see a tempting small door leading into a magic tower,—and lo! you are out in the work-a-day world again, with the portals

of Fairyland closed behind you, and only a blank wall on a busy street to show where it had been.

The simple way in which the children are dressed cannot help being an attraction to other healthy little people. No frills or furbelows, or stiff cuffs and collars, to make one afraid of soiling or spoiling; but the plainest short gowns and trousers, with stout boots and thick stockings; and almost invariably a big, dark blue cotton or woollen blouse, belted at the waist, with famous pockets which will bear any kind of rough usage.

This is the way you will see tall boys and girls returning from school, little boys and girls at play with nurses and mothers, even young men and women in the normal schools and institutes. It is such an easy-going, comfortable, happy-go-lucky sort of costume that it seems the finest thing imaginable for comfort and for fun.

One example which the people of Paris set to the rest of the world is the habit of enjoying everything together. Rich or poor, you see the entire family in company. On Sundays and holidays they go into the parks, the woods, the streets, out upon the gay boulevards or the quiet country places, in the myriad small steamboats that glide like water-flies up and down the Seine, to the forests of Fontainebleau or the Gardens of the Luxembourg or Tuileries, but all together.

The big brothers and sisters, the little brothers and sisters, the father and mother, the baby, even the old, old people, smile and chat and sit in the grass, and eat their homely lunch in such happy and hearty fashion that it is a joy to watch them.

Perhaps of all the reasons which could be gathered together, there is none stronger than this happy, healthy union of family interests and amusements, to prove that Paris may well be called the Paradise of Children.

Toledo and Cordova.

Imperial Toledo — Toledo of the Romans, of the Goths, of the Moors, of the Christians! We were full of enthusiasm as we started from Madrid in the early — too early — morning to find it.

The train seemed nearly empty. We could almost fancy it crawled on for our sakes only; but crawl it did. I suppose that even a snail gets somewhere at last, and at last we came in sight of Toledo, towering up from the yellow Tagus, yellower even than the Tiber at Rome.

The Tagus girdles the town, leaving only one landward approach, which is fortified by Moorish towers and walls.

Like Rome, Toledo stands upon seven hills, and like Rome, everything about it is venerable. No mushroom place this, built in hot haste, as solace for a monarch's gout. All here is substantial and ancient.

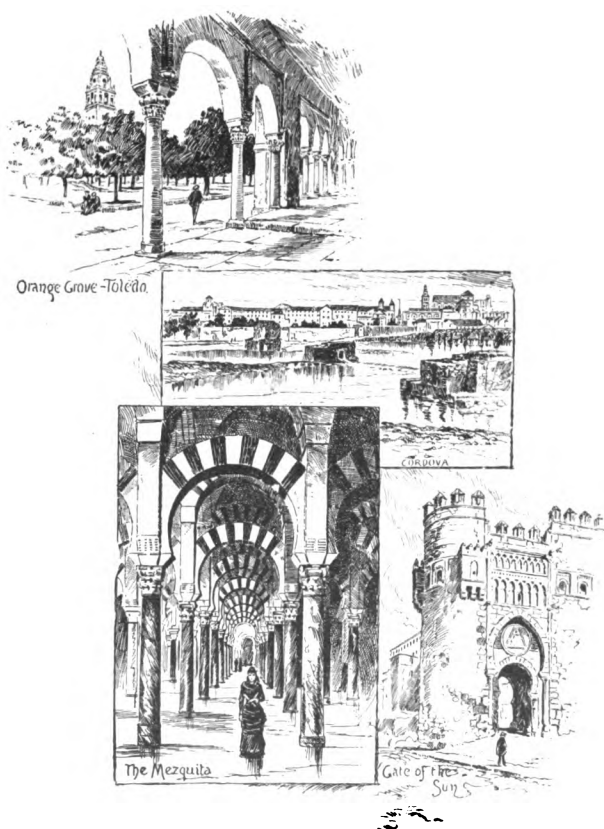
For three hundred and fifty years the Moors held sway in Toledo, and you see Moorish remains at every step. It was the Moors who built the noble gates, of which the finest is the Puerta del Sol, in the picture of which you will note the horseshoe-shaped arches which distinguish Moorish architecture.

Externally, nothing could be more imposing than Toledo, but when fairly into it, one realizes that all is desolate, forsaken, going to decay. It once had two hundred thousand inhabitants; it has twenty thousand now.

But how fascinating it is, even now! The narrow, illy-paved streets wind up and down and in and out, and lead you from wonder to wonder of interest and of beauty.

The carving of the stalls in the cathedral choir is so beautiful that I should like to study it every day for a year, and the stained glass windows are among the finest in the world. They sparkle as with jewels, and throw their parti-

colored reflections on the eighty-eight columns which uplift the gorgeous ceiling. There are noble pictures and glorious



tombs—a collection of works of art, in short, which might be the sufficient goal of any pilgrimage.

The Church of St. John of the Kings must not be forgotten, or its lovely cloister, with its richly clustered pillars on three sides, and its perfect Gothic arches. This cloister is being slowly restored, but meantime the undisciplined roses have

their way in it. We gathered great bunches of them. Outside this church hang chains, which were suspended there as votive offerings by captives who had been delivered from the power of the Moorish infidel.

Two synagogues yet remain to attest the former importance of the Jews in Toledo. The ceiling of one of these synagogues was made of beams from the cedars of Lebanon.

Legends say that Toledo was the place of refuge of the Jews when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar. So ancient is it that you can believe anything, from the tale that ascribes its foundation to Hercules to that other solemnly enforced and detailed account which asserts that Tubal began to build it one hundred and forty-three years, to a day, after the Deluge.

It looks old enough to have been begun even before the Deluge, and it is certain that, when the Moors first took it, it was largely populated by Hebrews.

You feel as if nothing there ever had been or ever could be young, until you look up to some vine-wreathed balcony, and meet the dark eyes of some Spanish beauty, smiling coquettishly from under her lace mantilla; and then, suddenly, the old, old world seems eternally young, with love and hope and smiles springing up like flowers in the sun of every summer.

When the Christians recovered Toledo from the Moors they set a heavy tax upon every Jewish head; but the Jews were allowed to retain their synagogues, on the plea that they had not consented to the death of the Saviour. When Christ was brought to judgment, they said, the votes of the tribes had been taken, and one tribe had voted for His acquittal, and from this tribe were the Jews of Toledo descended!

Can you fancy, at all, this quaint old town, high, high above its yellow river, with its substantial Moorish architecture, its narrow streets which wind and climb through the desolate city where two hundred thousand people used to make merry, and where its poor twenty thousand live now as quietly as if they were all holding their breath, in order not to wake the echoes of some long-dead past?

Can you fancy in this solemn, silent place, possessed by ghosts of Romans, Goths, Jews, Moors and Christians, red roses flaunting their brightness in the warm south wind, and young cheeks glowing with new joys and hopes as if no one had ever died?

It seems to me that they need courage, this Spanish handful, — to laugh and live thus among the shades of the departed.

Did we find Cordova more lively? Somewhat so, perhaps; and yet Cordova, like Toledo, is a city which has been, and is not — which belongs more to the dead than to the living; for the gay days are past when it used to be called "The City of the thirty suburbs and the three hundred mosques."

Here, as in Toledo, are "patios," and though I have heard them called courtyards, a "patio" is not precisely a courtyard, nor yet is it a garden or a room, but it is a delicious combination of all three.

A small vestibule is usually between it and the street. On its four sides rise slender columns, which support a gallery. It is paved with marble. In the centre there is often a fountain. Palms grow in these patios — flowers blossom there, ivy climbs round the graceful little pillars; here are statues, perhaps, or busts, or graceful urns.

The patio is the heart of the home — the place where you go to sip after-dinner coffee, to chat, to lounge, to dream.

Cordova was of importance in Cæsar's time; he half destroyed it because it sided with Pompey. "The Great Captain," who was born there, used to say that other towns might be better to live in, but the place in which one should be born was certainly Cordova. Cordova was renowned, in those farthest off days, for its men of letters, whose wisdom astonished even the Romans.

Roman Cordova yielded to the Goths. But the Goths were conquered in turn by the Moors, and Cordova became the capital of Moorish Spain. It saw, under the Moors, the days of its greatest glory.

In the tenth century it contained nearly a million of

inhabitants, three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns. How is the mighty fallen! It is said to have some fifty thousand inhabitants, now; but looking back to a sojourn of some days there, I can scarcely remember to have met any one in the streets, save tourists and beggars.

The place still has beautiful suburbs, and to drive out among the orange orchards and the olive groves is a memorable delight.

But to me Cordova means two things—and to find again those two, gladly would I cross sea and land. I would give you all else of Cordova willingly, if you left me the freedom of the Mosque-Cathedral La Mezquita, and of the Sultana's Garden.

How shall one picture in words the wonders of La Mezquita? Its exterior gives no hint of what awaits you, for it is surrounded by walls from thirty to sixty feet in height; but once you have entered through the Gate of Pardon the Court of the Orange-Trees, the enchantment begins.

It means so little to say, in set phrase, that there are a thousand columns, surmounted by the Moorish horseshoe arches; and that some of these columns are of jasper, some of porphyry, some of verd-antique, and no two alike. You do not stop to think of these details; you wander on and on, as among the countless trees of a forest. You lose yourself in this divine immensity. It is like nothing else on earth.

Look where you will, the interminable vista stretches out beyond, and allures your tireless footsteps.

The stained glass of the windows, when the sun strikes it, throws patches of vivid color against the marbles. The place is so vast that you scarcely think about the Cathedral church, which that royal vandal, Charles V., allowed to be engrafted in its centre in 1523—a piece of barbarity which even he had the grace to regret when he came to see it later.

There is one tiny chapel, with a roof like a shell, which is adorned with mosaics sent from Constantinople. These mosaics are said to be the finest in the world. This is the Ceca, or Mihrab, the Holy of Holies, where the Koran used to

be kept on a stand which cost a sum equal to five millions of dollars, and around this spot the very marble was worn in a circular hollow by the faithful Mussulmans who used to crawl around it on their hands and knees.

I have passed long afternoons in La Mezquita — wandering up and down among the aisles of this wonderful forest, studying the exquisite tracery of the carvings, recalling the old legends which cluster about the spot, kneeling with the faithful at their prayers, or kneeling alone in some far-off corner, and listening to the remote sound of the holy music, half able to fancy that I was in some outer court of heaven. It is after such an afternoon as this that I would gather roses in the Sultana's Garden, that thus I might be brought back to the simpler joys of our human life, and find rest for my soul after the exaltation born of the Mezquita.

How long ago did the Sultan make this garden for his love? I do not remember how many hundred years have passed since the dark-eyed beauty gathered its first roses, but still they freight the soft wind with their breath, and still the fairy ferns grow green, and the oranges ripen in the sun, and the solemn old carp are happy in the fish-pool; and I audaciously pluck the roses that are the far-off descendants of those of that long-past time, and the Sultana never heeds my trespass. She is as dead as Cordova.

The Venetian Gondola.

The gondola is the carriage of Venice, and a most delightful one it is. The conductor is out of sight behind, like the driver of the London hansom cab, and nothing obstructs the occupant's view except the graceful steel prow, waving slightly to and fro as if it were a living animal dragging the vehicle.

A finely outlined, handsomely ornamented flat-bottomed boat is the gondola. It rests lightly upon the water, and is propelled and guided as easily as an Indian's birch-bark canoe. It draws so little water that it can pass through the shallowest canals at low tide.

When the Adriatic overflows the grand square of St. Mark's, as it does sometimes during the spring tides, the gondola glides up to the cafes and takes on board those who object to wading home along the quays.

But the gondola belongs to the luxury of Venice, as the private carriages and hacks do to our American cities. It is for pleasure and accommodation, not for business. Even when bringing strangers from the railroad stations and the foreign steamers, the heavy luggage is left to be transported by the "barca" — a more common flat-bottomed boat used for merchandise.

Those who have never visited Venice have a vague idea that to get from one end of the city to another one is always obliged to go by boat. This is not so. Unless one wishes to visit the neighboring islands, he can gain any part on foot, although he may have to pass through many narrow streets and climb up and down innumerable steps over bridges.

Comparatively few of the inhabitants ever go in boats. Only people of the class who in our cities keep carriages possess a gondola. The middle-class natives seldom hire a gondola, and would as soon think of taking one to go a short distance as, in a mainland city, a poor man would of taking

a cab. When a native must take a conveyance for the railroad station there are the omnibus boats, and lately the steamboats, to supply the place of our horse-cars.

Here in Venice, where all freight traffic is done by boats, there are large barges instead of trucks, and numerous small



ones instead of hand-carts and wheelbarrows for the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker. These small boats are of all shapes and sizes, but the usual form is a large, light, graceful skiff called a "sandolo," easily propelled by one oar.

I have heard a sandolo called "the donkey-cart of Venice." That well describes this small boat and its many uses; but

the sandolo or "gondoleta" often rises to the dignity of a pony-carriage when it is more carefully constructed of handsome wood. Then the single seat is cushioned comfortably, and the vessel is propelled by an amateur boatman.

I use the word propelled, as I am undecided whether I should say rowed, sculled or paddled; for the gondola and the sandolo are alike propelled by a single oarsman with a single oar. He does not paddle, for he uses a rowlock, and he does not scull, for the oar is not placed in the stern, but at one side.

The gondolier stands in the stern on a little raised platform, and plys his oar on the right side. He uses a high rowlock called "forchetta" (fork). It is not unlike a fork much battered and twisted.

He faces the prow, gives a long, vigorous push, and throws the force of not only his arms but his whole body into the stroke. Then he drags the oar slightly in the water before the next stroke, and by so doing, in some way all his own, keeps the boat straight.

The peculiar stroke gives a slight sidewise movement to the boat which is not unpleasant. As there is no thumping of the rowlock, the slight swish of the oar, that seems to whisper enjoyment, can be heard as it is dragged through the water.

It is difficult to catch the trick of using an oar in the Venetian fashion, and very easy for the novice to lose his balance; but a stranger is not recognized as a Venetian until he has fallen overboard, and I am sure few have played at being a gondolier without getting a complete ducking.

The gondolas and smaller boats are built in Venice. One of the principal "gondola yards" is on a canal near the Church of San Trovaso. It has served as a subject for many a picture, with its dark shed and church tower and acacia-trees for a background.

Here also old gondolas are repaired. As they lie bottom upward along the quay, they look much more like a lot of small whales washed ashore than the graceful boat that rides

so lightly on the waters. The cost of a gondola, entirely finished, with its steel prow, brasses, cushions and numerous trappings, is about one thousand lire, or two hundred dollars.

This is a large sum for a Venetian, who is often obliged to discharge the debt in monthly and quarterly payments. The debt frequently runs on for years. The gondolier, in the season of travel, hires out himself and boat for five lire, one dollar a day. There is a long winter in Venice with few travellers, when the gondolier will tell you he has "much want of money."

All along the quays opposite the Doge's palace and the public gardens, and at intervals on the Grand Canal, are gondola stations, which are also ferries. Here the gondolas that are for hire all cluster and do the ferrying across the Grand Canal or to the adjacent islands.

For centuries the gondoliers were a power in Venice and a close corporation, limited in number, into which it was not easy to obtain admission. But the organization of a steamboat company broke their power.

Although they joined in a strike, they could not fight against the modern invention. They still ply up and down the Grand Canal and are boisterous around the ferries, but their days are numbered; for the modern dragon, the steamboat, has come, and it will slowly but surely make the gondolier a picturesque object of the past.

A Climb up Mount Vesuvius.

There are few things more interesting to most people than a volcano — a “burning mountain.” Even the dulllest geographical lesson at school became interesting when the wonders of Hecla or Etna, the eruptions of Vesuvius or Stromboli, or the strange feats of the American geysers came under notice — even when these were dilated upon in a prosy way.

Of all the volcanoes in the world Vesuvius is perhaps the most interesting. It is easy to climb, for it is only four thousand feet high ; and if you do not wish to climb it on-foot, six dollars will take you up in a carriage to the foot of the cone, where you will find a wire-rope railway which will carry you to the very top.

Therefore it is of all volcanoes probably the easiest of access, and certainly of all it has the most continuous and thrilling history. .

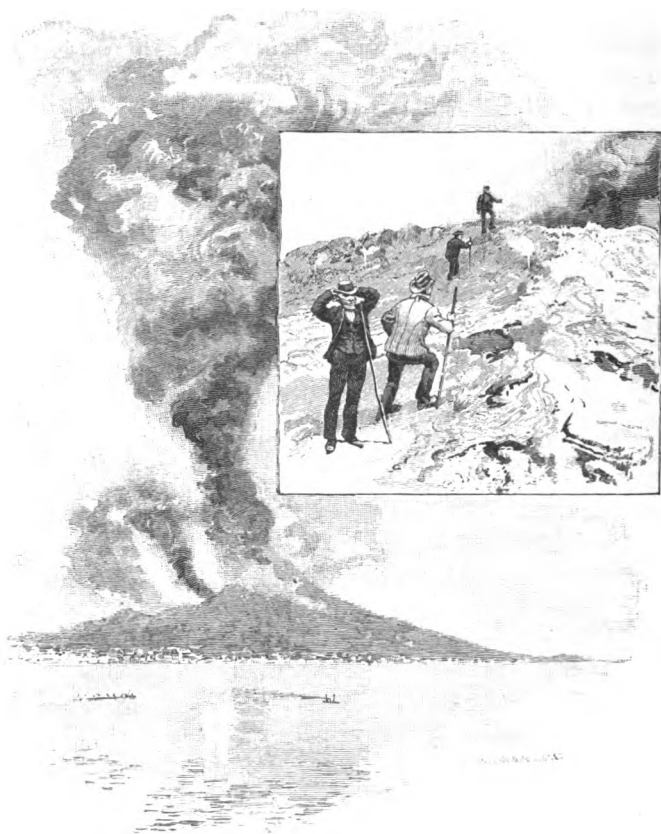
The plain in which Vesuvius stands is, and always was, one of the most fertile spots in Europe. It was called Campania Felix — the fortunate or happy plain — in Roman times, and this name has lingered on throughout the Christian centuries, as indeed so appropriate a name deserved to do.

In our days the district grows many crops of which the ancients were ignorant. It is certain that in Roman times Campania did not produce either oranges or lemons ; now they are one of the principal sources of the wealth of Naples, from whose port many fruit ships sail annually to the United States.

It is certain also, that in Roman times tobacco, that plant with which the New World endowed the Old two hundred years ago, was not cultivated either. To-day, upon the plain, round Pompeii, are many acres of this crop.

To enumerate the products of the district would be a long

task. Suffice it to say that on the sunny slopes of the vast plain we find indigo, liquorice, tobacco, rice, olives, lemons, grape-vines, oranges, walnuts, chestnuts, corn of all sorts, figs



and peaches ; besides many of the fruits which belong to the Torrid Zone, and nearly all those of the temperate regions. Although the plain is too hot for some of the Northern fruits, these grow luxuriantly on the hills which surround it. The

soil is deep and rich, the sun is bright and warm, and the rain is abundant throughout the winter months.

In the midst of all this grand display of the prodigal bounties of nature stands Vesuvius, a grand monument of the hidden forces of destruction — dark, barren, uncultivated and desolate.

When we cast our eyes up the slopes of the mountain, the border-line of cultivation shines out with bright green radiance, while abutting on it is the bleak barrenness of what we can only compare to a huge cinder heap.

When an eruption occurs, a stream of red-hot slag flows down like a river of molten iron; sometimes rapidly, where the declivity is steep, sometimes slowly, where its course is impeded by a rock or a fissure. In any case it carries all before it. If it is flowing slowly we can hardly see its progress. It rolls up to a house, and the house falls before it—we hardly know how. It approaches a tree, and wraps it in its fiery mantle. The sap within the tree generates steam, and the tree explodes with a sound like the discharge of a cannon. As long as the supply continues from the mountain, so long does the stream push on until it rolls into the sea, where it casts up volumes of steam and hisses as if it were bent on competing with the fiery vent-hole at the top of the mountain.

Interesting as these eruptions undoubtedly are, it is always best to view them from a respectful distance, as the vapors issuing from their vicinity are very likely to choke or scald one who approaches too near them. This was the case in 1872, when a party of people were killed by a sudden jet of steam which burst forth from a fissure close to them without a moment's warning.

It is impossible to tell when or where such fissures will be opened, for the whole subsoil is in a condition of explosion. Earthquakes are almost incessant, and the shaking opens fissures in many places.

Let us ascend the mountain, winding in our spring wagon over the steep road, watching the Bay of Naples sparkling in the sunshine, and seeing the bright glow of evening cascading

its rosy light over the busy city at our feet. The pleasantest way to see Vesuvius is to visit it on a summer night. As the sun dips below the horizon and throws up the island of Ischia, like a purple mist set in a gold frame, the first moon-rays are already beginning to gleam behind the distant Apennines; and before we are half-way across the vast lava-beds, we are in a fairy scene of silver brightness, checkered with the dark shadows and rugged outlines of the lava streams around us.

At midnight we reach the lower station of the rope railway which is to draw us up the cone. Here man and horse must have rest and supper. In an hour's time we are seated in a car, and being hauled up the steep sides of the cone.

A short walk brings us to the eruptive centre, and what a scene meets us there! Steam is coming out in large puffs from the eruptive cone, and now and then with a loud roar the mountain casts large masses of red-hot stones higher and higher into the air.

It is quite dark now, for the moon has set. We see the red vapor rise fiercely as the hot stones fly upward in grandeur. The still night air is rent by the roar of the mountain, as it discharges a fiery volley into space, presently to fall in a shower on the rocks around us, spattering upon them with a harsh clatter.

As dawn begins to break we see the shadow of the mountain projected across the bay. The peaks to the eastward are warmed with a glow of sunlight, and the blue sea to the westward is tinged with a golden halo. It is a scene of marvellous grandeur and beauty, and we should forget its danger if the dead city of Pompeii did not lie at the foot of the slope, four thousand feet beneath us, teaching us its dread lesson.

Our experienced guide wakes us from this reverie, for it is full daylight now, and we can approach nearer the crater without great danger.

We follow him confidently, though we are half-stifled by the fumes of the sulphur. As we approach we experience an

uncomfortable sensation, for the hot stones now and then fall unpleasantly near us. Our guide puts the ladies in a place of safety ; but we may go on, always watching his every gesture and keeping an eye on the mountain.

The walking is rough and steep now ; the fumes are almost stifling, and the cinders beneath us are so hot that we feel our feet burning. The guide puts his handkerchief over his mouth ; we follow his example.

He has reached the top, and we are close behind him. We look over, and see a mass of red-hot cinders like a burning cliff. As the wind clears away the steam we look down, down, into a black gulf — a very Tartarus of immensity.

The mountain roars again ; the red-hot stones fly past us. We are safe here because the wind is now quite strong and carries the stones to leeward ; but it is not a place to linger in. A sudden change of wind might mean death. The falling in of the ridge on which we stand would mean death also.

The scene is inspiring and exciting to the last degree, and as we turn to descend, and see our friends looking at us through their field-glasses, we feel that they, too, must have held their breath when they saw us apparently shrouded in steam and close to the vortex.

Alpine Village Life.

The mode of life of the peasants in the higher and more remote regions of the Alps has remained unchanged for centuries. Far away from cities, railroads and modern travellers, the mountain peasant lives as his ancestors did many generations ago, and one is likely to find him living in the house where his great-grandfather was born.

The house is a large, unpainted, two-story structure, built of square pine logs, with the ends projecting at the corners, and sometimes carved into pretty shapes. The building is full of little, long windows, filled with flowers, and the roof is made of large clapboards fastened in place with poles and stones.

I recall such a house, one of a hundred forming the little village of Obstdalen on the high bench of a mountain slope above the Wallen See—the most enchanting little lake, I think, in Switzerland. This body of water is seventeen miles long, and two or three miles wide. It is clear as crystal, five hundred feet deep, and closed in by a nearly perpendicular wall of rocks two thousand feet high.

Back of the lake a little distance are ridges and peaks nine thousand feet above sea-level, with white glaciers and beautiful waterfalls.

I spent three summer vacations in Obstdalen, and aside from a few friends whom I took there, I never saw an English or an American tourist in the place. Like many another remote village of the Alps, the great outside world never heard of Obstdalen.

The first and pleasantest recollection one has of the village, after the wonderful scenery, is the perfect simplicity of the people, and the familiar greeting of the stranger that comes from every lip. Every one seems to know him; every one speaks to him as to a friend. One seems to have been there a

long time, and to have known the people well. It seems hard to call the hundred houses scattered around on the green slope



a town. The grass grows everywhere, quite up to the door-steps. There is no other street in the place, except the white, well-paved post-road that goes by, not through, the village.

Little stony goat-paths lead up to and around the houses, and there is hardly a fence to be seen in the place.

But it is a town. There is the little stone church with the white steeple and the big-faced clock outside, and the stone floors and the plain wooden benches within. There, on the south end of the church, is painted, in great letters and figures, the big sun-dial, used long before the village had a clock.

Behind the little stone church is the village burial-ground ; and near by the old, old schoolhouse, and the happy children, and the village pastor, also their teacher.

How old and long and thin the pastor looks ! It is little to him that he is very poor ; most village pastors are. But his religion is very rich, and his heart very great ; great enough to contain the joys and the woes of every man, woman and child in the village. Where lives the millionaire so great or so rich as that ?

I have said that the big brown houses are scattered about over the sloping meadow. Each is large enough for two or three families ; and owing to the absolute want of dust and dirt on this green slope, every house is as clean as fancy could wish.

They are in a sense comfortable enough, but they are sparsely furnished. Rude benches often take the place of chairs. There are no carpets on the floor, few pictures on the wall, and little of the luxury known to the homes of many American farmers.

In almost every peasant's house stands an old-fashioned wooden silk loom. It occupies the best corner of the best room. It is of more importance than the piano or organ of the American home, for with it is earned a great part of the living of the family. Silk cloth is woven for the great exporters at Zurich, and the women are satisfied to earn thirty to forty cents a day, weaving from dawn till evening twilight.

While the women are weaving, the men cut grass and wood, cultivate a few potatoes, look after their little dairies, and prepare for the winter. Those of the women not engaged at

the loom help the men out-of-doors. Goat cheese is made here in abundance. It is an interesting sight to see the village goat-herd, usually a young man, start off every morning, driving all the goats of the village to the grass on higher mountain slopes.

His is a strange existence ; he is alone all the long summer day with his goats, the sunshine and the mountains.

Evening twilight sees him at the head of his flock, winding his way down to the village. A great wreath of pink Alpine roses is twined about his hat ; sometimes another rose-wreath is slung over his shoulders. He sings the Alpine "Kuhreihen," a hundred times more melodious for being echoed by its native Alps.

Sometimes with a rude flute he leads the herd, and like another Orpheus, seems almost to charm the rocks and trees with his music. The long line of goats follows him gladly down to the group of stalls called "the village of the goats."

The goat village consists of scores of little low, covered pens, lined with forest leaves, and as snug as can be. It is noticeable how every goat knows its own stall among the hundreds, and promptly enters it. "It's a poor, foolish goat," says the herdsman, "that does not know its own milking-place."

The cheese, like the woven silk, is all sent to the cities ; and a large part of both are exported to the United States.

It is interesting to know that a large part of the raw silk used by these Alpine peasants in their weaving comes from far-off China, traversing our continent by the Pacific railways, crossing the Atlantic to London or Havre, and at last finding its way up into the Alps to be woven, and returned to us in silk dresses.

It is little wonder that silk is too dear for these weavers in the Alps to wear. Probably not one of them ever owned a silk dress in her life ; but they are content without it, and prefer, a hundred times over, the picturesque village costume they wear on all festal occasions.

Aside from the flowers in the windows, the beautiful silk

on the weaver's loom is likely to be the only attractive thing in her room. One thing always to be found in a Swiss home, and in almost every room, is a great cylinder-shaped column of white porcelain. It is seven feet high, and cold as it looks in its whiteness, it is the family stove.

In the Alps the form of the stove varies. The huge pile of porcelain may be cube-shaped, painted green, and mounted on feet.

Sometimes tiny steps lead to the top of this peculiar stove, where a curtain is hung so as to form a little warm room, perhaps six feet square. In this the children go to dress on very cold mornings.

It has been said that the people of these Alpine villages are very poor — too poor and ignorant to love and enjoy the grand scenes about them. It is a mistake. Poor, in a sense, they are; but if, with their little herds, their green meadows and their simple lives they are content, then are they also rich.

The Alpine Peasant loves the mountains about him, and more than one lone wanderer from the Alps to foreign lands has been known to die of heartache, longing for the scenes of his childhood.



Down the Moselle.

The River Moselle, often called "The Bride of the Rhine," is even more picturesque than the Rhine itself. It is more winding, and also narrower, so that the voyager is nearer the beauty and quaintness of its shores. Its bordering hills, although no higher than those along the Rhine, are at least equally impressive, while the valleys and ravines which wind away between them are more irregular and inviting.

A rowing trip down the Moselle is safe, easy, and full of pleasure. One may start at Metz, or even at Nancy, but the best point is Treves, the German Trier. This ancient town, itself so interesting by reason of its Roman ruins and its mediæval buildings, is reached directly from Cologne in less than six hours by the Eifel railway, through a delightfully picturesque country. From Brussels or Paris a longer journey is necessary.

A boat can be obtained at Treves, near the bridge. The ordinary Moselle rowboat is to be avoided, if possible, for it is heavy and clumsy. The lighter the boat, consistent with safety and roominess, the better, for along many a reach of the river it must be rowed straight into the wind, which meeting the adverse current, often stirs up quite a sea.

The writer and his friend were so fortunate as to find an English-built lapstreak wherry, just large enough to accommodate them and their luggage comfortably, and it proved exactly what they desired. They bought the boat outright, with oars and rudder, for about thirty dollars. Probably this was more than its real worth, but it was so much superior to the common river craft that the bargain seemed wise. At Coblenz it was sold for just a third of its cost.

The less luggage the better, and very little is needed. Heavy articles may be forwarded by rail or steamer to Coblenz. The summer suit which one ordinarily wears answers every-

where, if a pair of the trousers of the country—costing eighty-seven cents—be worn while rowing. Flannel shirts are most suitable. A thin overcoat and an umbrella for each traveller are desirable. A strong pair of gloves is important, because the oars, being hung on pins, after the antiquated Moselle custom, instead of resting in rowlocks, cannot be feathered, and chafe the skin severely.

There need be no anxiety about quarters for the night, for the villages seldom are more than a mile apart, and each has its inn, where one finds a friendly welcome and endurable, often very satisfactory, accommodations.

The trip should be made, if possible, as early as midsummer, for later in the season the water often is low. There is, however, neither danger nor much difficulty at any time. It may be completed enjoyably in four or five days, but if time be taken to go leisurely, to lie by during rainy days, and to make excursions inland, the enjoyment will be increased.

The longer the trip, within reason, the more completely its delights will be appreciated. The expense need not be great. Hotel life in the larger towns, including little extras, costs not more than three dollars a day, and on the river two dollars and a half will cover everything. Indeed, one can be fairly comfortable for something less.

But what is the trip like? Imagine yourself at last gliding down stream, with charming Treves fading into the distance as the afternoon shadows lengthen. You are at the oars, pulling with slow, even strokes. Your friend, in the stern, holds the tiller. You are fairly under way, and already the scenes on either hand begin to interest you.

Here, for instance, you pass a company of German infantry, bathing. They keep their ranks, and at signals upon the bugle, throw off their clothing, plunge, still in line, into the stream, and a few moments later, emerge and dress. One wonders if they do not eat, drink, and even sleep in company formation and only at signal.

Now you pass a great foundry on the other bank. Volumes of smoke pour from its tall chimney, the light of its

glowing furnaces illumines its dark interior, and its distant workmen suggest to your fancy gnomes working in some enchanted cavern.

Soon you round a bend and float for a mile or two between green meadows, behind which lie villages embowered in trees. A rude scow, laden with peasants returning from work and singing some evening hymn, crosses your course. There a group of merry girls and boys run along the nearest bank, taking you for Englishmen, and shouting, "Englander! Englander!"

Now it grows dark, and at the next little village you land, under the lee of a jetty, and moor your boat for the night. Until you have almost reached the Rhine, you may safely leave anything in the boat overnight. You quickly find your way into the village, and soon are settled snugly at the inn. Cold pork and ham, boiled eggs, rye and sweetened white bread, cakes, with plenty of whatever fruit is in season, and beer and wine, if you wish, form your evening meal. The thick feather pillows upon your bed, one of which is intended to serve as a blanket, are rather warm, and if your pitcher held five times as much water you would be better pleased. But you are so healthily tired that you sleep soundly until the bell of the neighboring church rouses you next morning.

After breakfast the maid-servant, acting as porter, carries your luggage to the boat. Before long, perhaps, the shores in front of you look surprisingly white, and, as you float down between them, you find them covered with the linen of hundreds of families which has been washed and spread out to dry and bleach. Many lively groups of washerwomen are passed, who keep up an incessant spat-spatting of their sheets and pillow-cases while they chat and joke.

Presently a steamer, one of the regular line from Coblenz up river, passes you, and its passengers scrutinize you smilingly.

Here you come to a chain ferry, a scow made fast by a buoyed chain to an anchor far up in midstream. When the scow is pushed off, the pressure of the current swings it over

to the other shore. But as the weight straightens the chain, bringing it sharply out of water between the six or eight buoys, you must be careful not to be caught above it, or you will be capsized instantly. Another sort of ferry is common. A strong wire rope extends from a tower upon one bank to a similar tower opposite. The scow, square-ended and flat-bottomed, is fastened to this cable by another rope adjusted to a pulley, and is drawn across cornerwise, so as to offer the least possible resistance to the current.

Presently you land, stroll through a quiet village, buy fruit, and sketch the picturesque outline of some old gabled house. Perhaps you climb a neighboring hill, to gain the lovely view from its summit. Later, in some secluded cove, you linger and bathe. You explore the ruins of a castle upon a bluff, or rest beneath some sheltering bridge while a sudden shower passes over.

Sometimes for miles the hillsides rise almost from the water's edge, and are covered with carefully cultivated vineyards. Now and then you pass a considerable town, and hear a band playing in the garden of its chief hotel. Sometimes the river is so winding that you row for two hours and a dozen miles in order to reach a point only a single mile, easily walked in fifteen minutes, from your starting-place. Such is the case between Punderich and Alf. Charming views succeed each other swiftly, and no one who is at all sensitive to natural beauty can fail to be continually delighted.

The Moselle castles are less famous than those on the Rhine, perhaps, but are quite as picturesque and equally worth visiting. Usually they stand, protectingly, upon high places above the villages. Above Bernkastel is Landshut, a fine old ruin, and above Trarbach is Grafenburg, also in ruins. Near Alf are the stately remains of the Marienburg. Above Beilstein is the castle of the same name, looking almost inhabitable. Cochem lies in the very shadow of the Friedburg, which has been restored, and now is more grand without and more elegant within than ever in the past.

But the most striking castle of all is Schloss Eltz, three

miles inland from Moselkern, rising upon its knoll above the mass of foliage which fills the surrounding valley like some great rock above the waves of the ocean. It is one of the best preserved specimens of the mediæval architecture in all Germany, and many rooms still retain their historic furnishings. It is not open to everybody, but the owner willingly allows entrance to any who apply in due form for permission.

These are only suggestions of the many pleasures which such a trip affords. On reaching the Rhine at Coblenz one finds his face browned, his muscles hardened, his appetite become enormous, and his appreciation of whatever is beautiful in nature, quaint in architecture, or entertaining and instructive in intercourse with a simple, kindly peasantry greatly intensified.

SWEDEN.

If you were to go up in a balloon, and through some misadventure be swept so far away over the globe that you dropped down in Sweden, you would soon perceive that, wherever else you might be, you could not possibly be anywhere in the United States.

If you were to ask the first boy you met to tell you where you were, he would answer in a strange language. If you gave him a penny to make him speak more plainly, he would take off his cap and shake hands with you.

Suppose he takes you to his home, and you sit down to breakfast with his father, mother, brothers and sisters? A little flaxen-haired girl, the youngest child of the household that can talk, stands at her father's side and says a little verse in Swedish, while all bow their heads around the board. I will translate what she says. It is this :

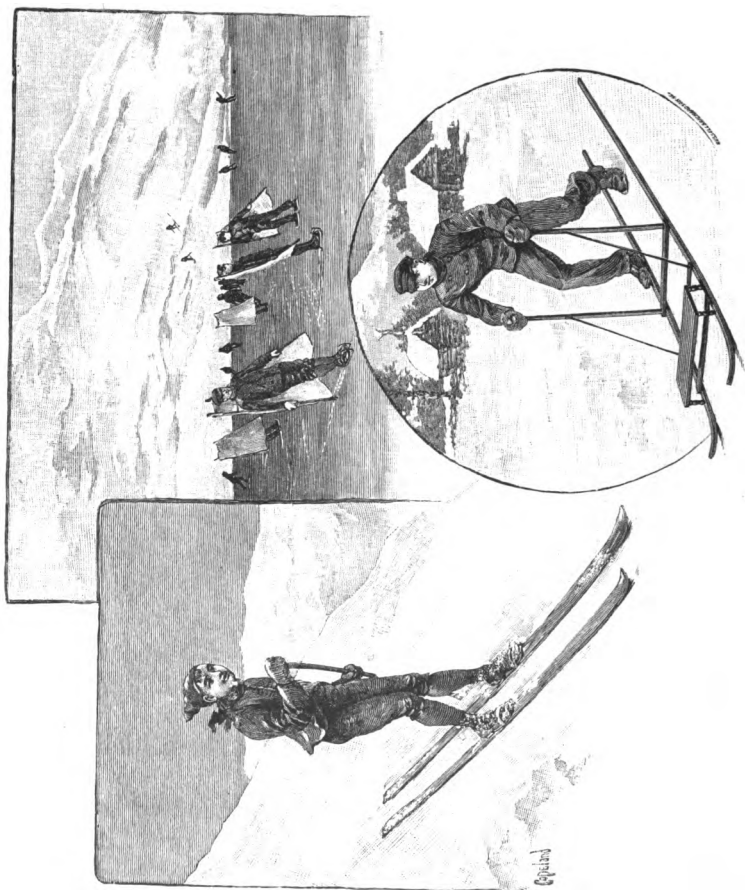
In Jesus' name we sit at meat.
May good God bless the food we eat.

When the repast is finished, the same little one returns thanks in another verse to the Giver of all good things.

Then every boy and girl shakes hands with mother and father, and says, "Tack for maten," "Thanks for the food," and you do the same as well as you can.

We will suppose it is summer-time, and in the country, and that after breakfast the boys take you out to the pasture. Here the horses and colts come running to you, stretch their necks over the fence, and rub their noses on your shoulder. The sheep say, "Good morning!" by rubbing their thick, woolly sides against you, and the great oxen lying in the shade give you a friendly wink now and again with their big brown eyes.

Every animal is tame and gentle; and you do not have



Winter Sports in Sweden.

to wonder long why this is, for you find that in Sweden the boys never throw stones at beast or bird, and never scare or torment them in any way. They feed and pat them, and make much of them instead.

Animals, after all, have much the same feelings as we; they know their friends, and love them.

After supper the sun is still high in the heavens, and at nine o'clock, when you go to bed, it is still shining brightly as it swings low along the horizon.

If you wake up at midnight and go to the window, you behold the whole northern sky glowing with red and yellow hues. Whether it is sunset or sunrise it is hard to say, for the heavens shine all through the short summer nights.

Indeed, were you to travel to the north of Sweden, you would behold the sun shining upon you directly over the North Pole at midnight, and you might remain a month without ever once seeing it set beneath the horizon. It would take too long here to tell you the reason of this, but it is all explained in your geography.

On Midsummer's eve, which in Sweden is the 23d of June, the boys and girls all drive into the nearest village, and you will surely go with them. You drive in a great, long hay-cart thickly trimmed all round with the bright green boughs of the birch. The horses are decked out with birch, too, and the driver sits in a green birch bower. How jolly it is driving along the pretty country lanes,—twenty or thirty of you young folks on the hay,—peeping out through the boughs and laughing and singing!

You drive up to the village green. Here are youths and maidens in plenty. You wonder where they all could have come from in such a sparsely settled country.

In the middle of the square you see a May-pole sixty feet high. This is trimmed with verdant birch leaves, while garlands and wreaths of flowers hang from its cross-trees. The blue and yellow flag of Sweden is flying from the top. At the foot of the pole is a fiddler, scraping away for dear life, and at his side a fellow pulling away on an accordion.

The boys and girls are all dancing round the May-pole. They are happy and thankful for the glorious summer-time, the earth all green again, the long days and the bright nights with no darkness anywhere. So they dance all through the night, which is no night after all — only a beautiful, luminous twilight that fills the short space between the rosy lips of sunset and sunrise.

Thus have their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers danced before them on this same bright eve for hundreds and hundreds of years — yes, so far back in time that history does not know when the custom began.

If you like winter, you will surely be pleased with Sweden. Here are cold, snow and ice enough to satisfy anybody. So long the winter is, too! Four or five months of it at least you may be sure of. Here you can enjoy all your winter sports to perfection; build snow-forts and snow-men, snowball your comrades, coast and skate, go on sleigh-rides, or skim the frozen lakes on ice-yachts.

There are other winter sports peculiarly Scandinavian. Here you can learn how to slip over the untrodden snow fields and through the deep, dark northern forests on "skidor," or skees as they are sometimes called. These skidor, or snow-skates, are thin straps of wood six to nine feet long, about four inches in width, and turned up on the front end like the runners of a sled.

Your feet are bound to the middle of them in such a way that while the toes and ball of the foot are fast, the heel is free to move up and down. With a staff in your hand to help you up the hills and aid you in steering down them you may glide over the open country at the rate of six or eight miles an hour.

Then the "spark-stotting" or "kicker!" I know you will like that. It is the lightest sort of a frame sled. Two upright standards rise some three feet high from the back end of the framework, and behind these the runners — nothing else, mind, only the two runners — extend backward five or six feet. You grasp the top of the standards, one with each

hand, stand on one foot on one of the runners, and with your disengaged foot kick your kicker and yourself over the hard-trodden snow highways as fast as an ordinary horse jogs along.

The kicks should be long, strong, sweeping and regular. They are always delivered between the runners, and when one leg is tired you step over upon the other runner, and kick with the other leg. You must have a steel plate strapped on to the ball of each foot, and from this plate should project three or four sharp calks, like those the blacksmith welds into horseshoes in winter.

The only secret you have to learn in order to become an accomplished rider on your kicker is to touch the snow first with the heel of your boot as in walking, and then instantly kick, a swinging backward stroke, not with your toes only, but with the whole flat of your foot.

You will find the kicker a pleasant and useful "youth's companion." Its lightness makes it the velocipede of sleds. It costs but a trifle in comparison to a velocipede, and on it you may transport without difficulty your travelling-bag and knapsack, your skates and luncheon, and other packages sufficient to make you comfortable for a week.

Another winter sport is sailing on skates. The Swedish sail is in form like a capital letter A with the top cut off. You place the cross-bar over your shoulder to windward, and with a good breeze glide away over the ice at the rate of a mile in two minutes.

You can not only sail before the wind, but you may glide to and fro across the lake with wind abeam, or drawing your sail taut and leaning well against the breeze, tack to windward as gallantly as the fleetest yacht.

A merry sight, I am sure you will find it, of a December noon on the frozen fiord. The glittering ice rings with the steel shoes of the skaters, gliding about like the many-colored particles in a kaleidoscope. In and out among them skim the white sails of the skate-sailors. Along the snowy highways come the kickers, while down the white hillsides shoot

the skid-runens, swiftly as the swoop of the eagle. The low-running sun with level rays brightly illumines the whole wintry scene, and all the air is filled with the laughter and happy voices of youth at play.

But short are the wintry days. At Stockholm they are, in December, only six hours long, or rather short; and in the far north it is night the whole twenty-four hours day after day — if night can be called day — for over a month. Now you have to pay for the long days and luminous nights of summer.

But the very darkest of the year the Swedes make bright with the festivities of merry Christmas. Christmas time in Sweden means more than a day. The merrymaking is kept up for a fortnight; indeed, out in the country it is fully three weeks before all the celebrations are over. Such visiting and dancing and dining and present-making I really believe exist nowhere in the world outside of Sweden.

First of all comes Christmas eve. There is a Christmas-tree of course, and how brightly it gleams with myriad tapers! But the presents are not hung on the tree. They are all too many for that, and the servants have been bringing them in for a long time by the basketful.

The family and guests sit round the big table in the parlor. The father of the family takes up the presents one by one. All are carefully wrapped up in many thicknesses of brown paper, tied and sealed. The father reads the name of the lucky recipient; then some funny and pat verse of poetry written on the wrapper, and then hands over the gift amid much good-natured banter.

If you have been a polite, good-natured lad all summer and fall, I will warrant you fifty Christmas presents at the very least, and more likely you will get a hundred.

Now comes the "long dance," in which the young folks all join hands, form a line, and go scampering through all the rooms in the house, while grandma at the piano plays her liveliest old-time music. Then all sit down to a bountiful supper of rice porridge, "lut-fisk" — a ling leached in ashes —

and roast goose. Then to bed and to dream it all over again.

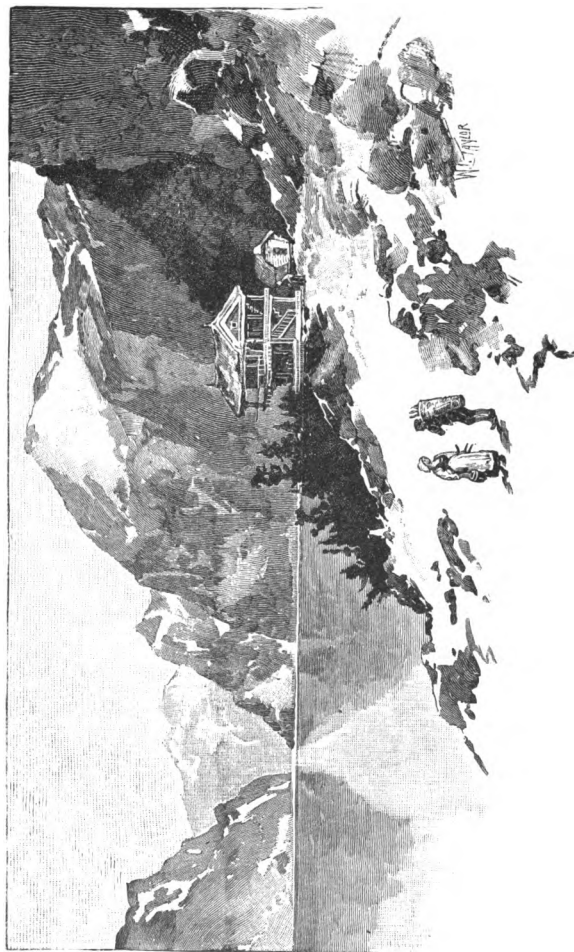
Next day, when you are jerking along home on your kicker from the skating pond, you will see a sheaf of grain on top of a pole set up in the dooryard of every farmer's house you pass.

"Well, what does this mean?" you ask your comrades.

"Oh, that is for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know."

Yes, my boy, this is the way they treat even the little wild birds in good old Sweden. You will scarcely find a farmer in all the land who will sit down to a Christmas dinner with his loved ones in the light and warmth within doors till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little feathered wild guests in the cold and snow without.





A Fjord in Norway.

Life in Norway.

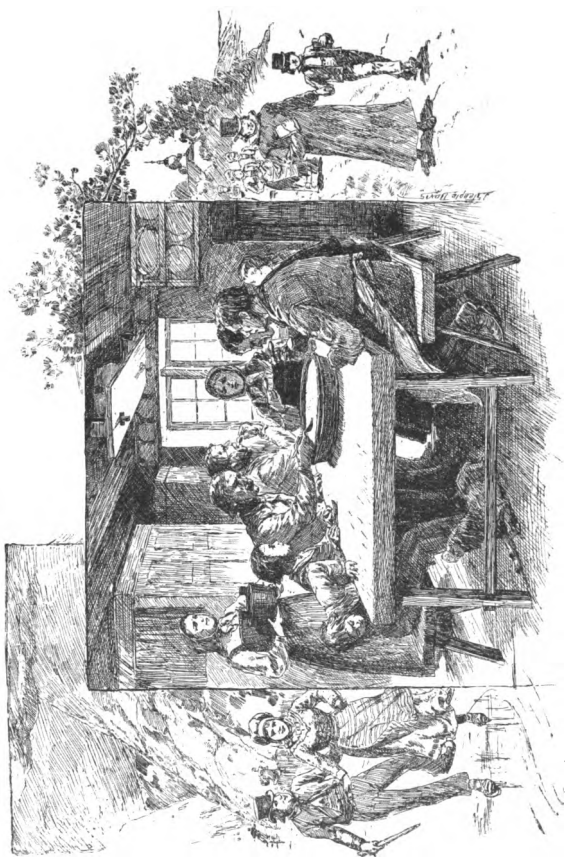
It is a mistake to suppose that Norway is a country remote from the world, whose chief claim to existence is that it is a romantic pleasure-ground. Norway is in fact easily accessible. Railways penetrate it from Sweden, extending to the North Sea; and steamboat lines ply regularly between its ports and those of Denmark, Great Britain and the United States.

Christiania, its capital, nestling among pine-clad hills at the head of a romantic fiord or inlet which is sixty miles long, is a beautiful city of a hundred thousand people, well built, with broad streets laid out at right angles, and with stores and hotels which would do credit to any capital.

The people of Christiania are exceedingly well educated, refined and hospitable, very fond of their city and country, and much given to social pleasures and music.

The Christiania police seem to have very little to do except to warn people politely not to violate the city ordinance forbidding people to stand and talk on the sidewalk, and to arrest an occasional drunkard.

Railways are comparatively few in Norway, owing to the cost of construction in a mountainous country, and to the disinclination of the people to speculative enterprise. The highways, however, are excellent, and one may "travel post" almost anywhere in a public carriage or post-chaise. The post stations are seven miles apart, and the traveller changes horse and carriage at each one of these stations. In certain remote country districts there are no inns; and here the traveller must lodge with the nearest farmer or priest. These people are so hospitable that they occasionally refuse to take pay, and invite the traveller to remain with them as long as he will; but the fare is often primitive. I have frequently found, in summer, that a farmer's larder contained nothing but



Scenes in Norway.

thick sour milk and rye bread, with sweet milk to drink. The sour milk is kept in a large, shallow tub, which at meal time is placed upon the table. Each member of the family marks off with his spoon as much as he thinks he can eat. Each covers his or her portion with sugar, and all fall to eagerly, as if it were the daintiest dish in the world.

The people of the cities dress as do people in England or America. In the country the women wear short, full woollen skirts, with bright-colored bodices decked with bangles, while the men look decidedly odd in extremely short cloth jackets with bright buttons, and trousers which ascend nearly to the armpits.

The Norwegian people are strongly inclined toward republican political principles, and greet the King of Sweden and Norway somewhat coldly on his rare visits to their country. The king is supposed to spend one-third of his time in Norway, but he certainly does not do so. He has about ten thousand dollars a year from the Norwegian revenues, and it is not surprising that the great majority of the people of Norway think they could get on just as well without him.

The people celebrate the 17th of May, the anniversary of their separation from Denmark, much as we celebrate the 4th of July — with cannon-firing, fireworks and processions, but without the firecrackers.

The Christmas and New Year's observances are not unlike those in other northern countries ; but the Norwegians have a peculiar and beautiful Christmas custom, which is universal among them, of hanging out small sheaves of corn for the birds.

Skating, in the rinks and on the fiord, is a popular winter amusement, though the ice of the fiord is sometimes dangerous on account of the cuttings made by fishermen. Snow-shoeing, upon shoes frequently ten feet in length, is also a favorite diversion, and some wonderful tobogganing is done just outside the capital.

To the summit of a mountain close by the city great sleds are drawn by horses. Then each sled, laden with a dozen

people
terrific

One
the pra
and ex

In
disappe
people
country
deserte
fishing,
sorts.

brighte
flowers.
tivated,
wild in
wild be

Bath
swimme
of the s
sort of j
to the s

The
houses
jellyfish
of the frequency of squalls.

n with

gners —
ellings,

the snow
The
in the
almost
picnics,
of all
of pine
of wild
en cul-
grow
sion of

at good
escent
water a
inging

a bath-
nd the
account

The summer lasts from May until October, and is a most delightful season. From May to September lamps are dispensed with, and in the last half of June one may read a newspaper in Christiania at midnight by daylight. The birds seem never to sleep at this period; they are as lively at midnight as at noon.

Great fortunes are unknown in Norway. The people do not fully develop their mineral industries. The enterprising Norwegian's chief desire seems to be to get to America. Many intend to return to Norway when their fortunes are improved, but few ever do so.

CURRICULUM

2. ON admiral

588561
Youth's Companion, selections from

The publishers will
without expense, and
tion, to any teacher who
school work.

PERRY
201 Columbus Aven

[illegible]

Number two
Clippings of
DATE

LIBRARY, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, STANFORD

588561

588561



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BUILDING.